## A RURAL EPISODE.

Two honest husbandmen dwelt side by side In farms adjoining. Grubbs and Stubbs their Rough, homely names in sooth but—all they And oft those names had served them in

And oft those names had served them in good stead.

When they had need of names to sign to notes. Grubbs had a son Ezekiel, tall and staunch As ever rustic who wore pants in boots. And rose at four to wilk his seven kine And seek for egglets in the hennery. Stubbs had no son, a daughter only came To bless her father's home, to shed sunlight About its rooms, and eke to do odd chores. Twixt meai-times. She was fair to look upon As snowdreps blossoming in early spring. Her hame was Mary Ann—a gentle name, And gently borne by her. Ezekiel saw And loved her, whom to see and love were one.

one.

The farms adjoined and were but kept apart
By one plain picket-fence of easy compass,
Through which the faithful dog of Farmer

Grubbs
Did oft meander in the eventime
To chase the bens of worthy Farmer Stubbs.
Thus was a foud begun between the twain:
But Mary Ann. and Young Ezekiel, too,
Were not a party to parental strife.
Equal their fathers lots, content were they
To know that when some day the old men
hopped

hopped
The golden twig, the farms should be units,
A goodly estate for a goodly pair.
But one day came a shadow o'er their paths.
A schemer from the town intruded on
The peaceful confines of the Grubb estate.
Looked here, dug there, and smiffed and
smiffed about.
Saving wisenersly with shake of head:

Looked here, dug there, and sniffed and sniffed about.
Saying wiseacroly with shake of head:
"There's oil upon this land; of that I'm sure! Oil that is pent up in a mighty store. Dig, farmer, and I warrant thee thou'lt find Riches the like of which thou wot's not ot." So he departed Then good Farmer Grubbs Did hold his head aloft and elevate. His nose when neighbors passed, as who should say:
"I shall be rich. There's oil on this my land, And wealth immense shall speedily be mine." So when Ezekiel came and softly said:
"Father, I fain would wed with Mary Ann," He waxed full wroth, exclaiming in his wrath:

now! Thou who, when we have dug for oil, Shait be a man of riches, wiit thou wed This beggar's brat, this pauper farmer

child?
Go to! It shall not be."
And so the son
Went sorrowing to tell to Mary Ann
And break the match, explaining as he migh
That he so rich must look above poor her.

Then there was digging on the Grubbs estate Digging in daytime; boring in the night For oil, rich oil, that was to make them rich For days and weeks and months they du and bore: What came of t? Nothing, nothing, alway What came of 't? Nothing, nothing, always nothing.
Then came the city schemer and he looked About the place, exclaiming: "Marveious! Behold the vein of oil that once lay here Has van shed and has made its oily way Beneath your fence to Farmer Stubbs' estate His is the oil well; yours the memory of it." So saying he van shed, and Ezekiel wept. That night he hied him unto Mary Ann, And told her that his love had never ceased. Besought her to take him back, and iet no oil, No obstacle so oleaginous Disturb the dream, the golden dream, of love. She said him nay, and mocked him. So he went, Kicking himself adown the dusty lane Then Farmer Stubbs set merr by to work. And in a few weeks' time struck oil right rich.

rich.
A fortune rolled in and h's wealth became So vast that all around marveled thereat So Stubbs waxed wealthy, and so Mary Am Her father's he ress, grew accustomed to Ezekiel's loss, and marred very soon A foreign nobleman with heavy b lls. Which Mary Ann's papa paid willingly. Ezekiel is unwed, while his papa. Doth ever mean and groan and tear his ha Because in folly and unseemly wrath He caused the marriage to be broken off. So read, and learn that we can rever tell Who that is down to-day may not be up ho that is down to day may not be up o morrow, and who down that now is up.

## FATAL AMUSEMENT.

The Deaths Placed to the Credit of Alpine Climbing.

possible that the proportion of killed to those who succeed in the ascent-and the same will hold good in respect of any other Alpine peak—would not be found to be great, for probably more people have gone tain; but no number of successful ascents will minimize the fact that there can be very real danger on Mont Blanc. The causes of danger are not far to seek. The mountain is regarded, and in fact is, com mountain is regarded, and in fact is, comparatively easy of ascent; and from the days when Albert Smith did so much to dispel the awe with which it was once the fashion to regard it, the popularity of the expedition has grown year by year. till quite a considerable percentage of those who now go to Chamouni consider but the half of their visit accomplished if they fail to "do" Mont Blanc. Thus it comes to pass that a great number of individuals are allowed to ascend who ought not to go on the mountain at all, and who, under certain conditions, may easily become a source of danger to themselves and to those who accompany them.

cource of danger to themselves and to hose who accompany them.

But the danger from this cause is as nothing compared with that which exists in the inferior quality of many of the guides. At Chamouni, every one who styles himself a guide must belong to a kind of rades union society called the Compagnie to Guides, and presided over by a Guide-hef. All who enter the Compagnie des Guides, good, bad and indifferent, enter it on the ame footing, and are compelled to take ame footing, and are compelled to take good, bad and indifferent, enter it on the same footing, and are compelled to tak their turn for an engagement on a register kept at the office of the Guide-chef for the kept at the office of the Guide-the for the purpose. Thus, a traveler who wishes to engage a guide, is not allowed—except under very special circumstances—to choose his man, but must take him whose name stands first on the list; and it may so happen that quite an incompetent individual is given charge of a party wishing to pen that quite an incompetation wishing to ual is given charge of a party wishing to ascend Mont Blanc, while a really good guide is told off to carry a knapsack over

ascend Mont Blane, while a really good guide is told off to carry a knapsack over the Col de Baime.

It is easy to imagine what may result from a system such as this. For one thing, it has had the effect of utterly demoralizing Chamouni guides as a body; and it has been the means, as we shall see presently, of some of the worst accidents that have ever happened in the Alps. It is usual nowadays for members of Alpine Clubs to bring to Chambuni their own guides from other districts, rather than trust to the local men; and so it has come about that Chamouni guides have been reduced to taking casual parties up Mont Blane, with the result that very few of them are of any use out of their own particular district, and as regards the more difficult peaks of the range, very little even in it. In fact, it is hardly an exaggeration to say that the really good Chamouni men may now be counted on the fingers. The grave scandal occasioned by the desertion of the Russian, Professor Fedchenko, by his guides—two inexperienced boys—and his subsequent death on the Merde Glace, called forth a savere protest against the Chamouni guide system on the part of the Alpine Club; but beyond some slight modification of the rules as regards the choosing of special men, very little has been done; and to this day the Rules and Regulations of the Compaigne des Guides of Chamouni remain a by-word with all mountaineers.

Blanc as a case in point. Easiest of all the great mountains, he has proved himself the most fatal of any.

The first accident within our knowledge which occurred on Mont Blanc was that to Dr. Hamel's party in 1820, and being the first accident to Alpine climbers, it created at the time an immense sensation. From accounts published by the auriviors, it seems clear that the accident was caused by ignorance of the state of the snow—ignorance accusable enough in those days when, as a matter of fact, the art of climbing wasvery little understood. On August 18, 1820, a Russian professor. Dr. Hamel; two Oxonians, Messra Durnford and Henderson; a Genevese named Sellique; and twelve guides, left Chamouni, and in twelve hours—about double the time now taken—reached the rocks of the Grands Mulets. Here they pitched a tent, which they had brought with them, and passed the night. Bad weather came on after sunset; and as it did not clear next morning in time for them to start, they had to pass another night in the tent. It came on to rain again in the evening; but the following morning. August 20, was fine, and it was determined to make a push for the summit. At this juncture, M. Sellique was overcome with "scruples" on the subject of making the ascent, and declined to accompany the others, so he was left behind, in charge of two of the guides. The rest of the party set out at five a. m. The weather kept fine; but the snow—to quote one of the survivors—was found to be "rather too soft." They would appear to have followed the line of ascent usually adopted in these days, until opposite the Dome du Goute, and on a level with it, when they branched off sharply to the left and commenced to traverse a steep snow-slope, directing their course straight for the Mont Maudit. They were not roped, and were apparently proceeding in Indian file, when suddenly the snow gave beneath their feet, and carried them away bodily down the slope. They were found imbed does not be under during the survivors made frantic efforts to rescue their unf

from the spot where the catastrophe oc-curred.

Almost simultaneously with the finding of the relies of Dr. Hamel's ill-fated ex-pedition, occurred another accident on Mont Blanc. On August 9, 1864, a young porter named Ambroise Couttet, while ac-companying two Austrian gentlemen in the ascent of Mont Blanc, fell into a crevasse on the Grand Plateau. This was an acci-dent attributable entirely to carelessness, on the Grand Plateau. This was an acceident attributable entirely to carelessness, for it appears that at the moment of the catastrophe Couttet was walking apart from the others and quite unattached. His companions did their best to effect a rescue; but the crevasse was of such great depth that they could not come near him. A party of guides subsequently went out with the object of recovering the body; but although two of their number descended ninety feet into the crevasse, they failed to reach it. It is almost certain, from the terrible nature of the fall, that the unfortunate man's death must have been instantaneous.

Stantaneous.

There were two sad accidents on Mont There were two sad accidents on Mont Blanc in 1865. The precise cause of the first is somewhat obscure, but the facts as far as they are known are these: Sir George Young and his two brothers, unaccompanied by guides, set out to ascend Mont Blanc on August 23, and succeeded in reaching the summit in safety. They had not proceeded far in the descent, when, for some reason unexplained, one of the party stipped and dragged down the other two. They slid for a short distance, then fell a height of twenty feet or so, and were

Mont Blanc the Most Dangerous of the Peaks—Accidents Chiefly Occur from the Incompetency of Guides—A Reform Needed.

In these days, when it is the fashion to decry Mont Blanc, in company with a good many other old institutions, there is one thing about the mountain which is apt to be lost sight of, and that is how very fatal it has been to mountaineers. It is quite possible that the proportion of killed to Blanc. At a little distance they were followed.

They slid for a short distance, then fell a height of twenty feet or so, and were finally stopped by soft snow. Sir George and his second brother escaped serious injury; but the youngest brother, Mr. Bulkeley Young, was found to have broken his neck.

The accident to Captain Arkwright's party was of a different description, and in many respects bears a close resemblance to that in which Dr. Hamel's guides lost their lives. On the 13th of October—unusually late in the year for such an expedition—Captain Arkwright with one guide, Michel Simond, and two porters, started from the Grands Mulets to ascend Mont Blanc. At a little distance they Blanc. At a little distance they were followed by the landlord of the Pierre Pointie, Silvian Couttet and a porter—these two having apparently come for their own pleasure—on a separate rope. The guides, probably by reason of its being a shorter route, and as such, likely to save time—an important matter at this time of the year—chose the route adopted by Dr. Hamel's party, and which had come to be known by the name of the Ancien Passage. They had almost reached the spot where the disaster of 1830 occurred, when the roar of an avalanche was heard. Couttet and his companion, realizing the danger, flad for their lives. They were a little way behind the others, and were so fortunate as to escape; but Captain Arkwright and his guides were caught by the avalanche and swort away. This accident arose from precisely the same cause as that which happened to Dr. Hamel's party—ignorance of the state of the snow; but it differed in one respect; whereas Dr. Hamel's party started the avalanche, the avalanche which proved fatal to Captain Arkwright and his guides fell from above.

The fact of a second accident occurring at the same place and from a similar cause, has given to the Ancien Passage the reputation of being essentially unsafe. It is not necessarily more dangerous than other routes, and indeed it may even be the safest route from Chamouni up Mont Blanc. It is only really dangerous when the snow is in bad order; and this is a point upon which a guide is—or should be—competent to give an opinion. On the day of the accident the snow was not in proper condition, and it was because a right discretion was not used that Captain Arkwright and his companions lost their lives.

We now come to an accident which ranks as by far th>most terrible which has ever happened to Alpine climbers, for it resulted in the loss of no fewer than eleven lives. On September 3, 1570, a party consisting of two American gentlemen, Messrs. Beane and Randall, and a Mr. MacCorkendale, with eight party from Chamouni. The weather, however, continued fo

that was all. To this day their fate remains a mystery.

The only light throws upon the catastrophe was that which could be gathered from the pages of a diary found on Mr. Beane, and written by him. Some doubt at first was cast upon the authenticity of the entry, but there seems no reason at all for disbelieving its genuineness. What it told was as follows: "Tuesday, September 6—I have made the ascent of Mont Blanc with ten persons—eight guides, Mr. Corkendale and Mr. Randall. We arrived at the summit at half-past two o'clock. Immediately after leaving it, I was enveloped in

ruptedly, guides restless. September 7 (evening.)—We have been on Mont Blanco for two days in a terrible snowstorm; was ve lost our way, and are in a hole scooped out of the snow, at a height of fifteen thousand feet. I have no hope of descending. Perhaps this book may be found and forwarded. \* \* We have no food; my leet are aiready frozen and I am exhausted; I have only strength to write a few words. I die in the faith of Jesus Christ, with affectionate thoughts of my family; my re-

In the diary ended with instructions to his family as to his private affairs.

It is to be regreted that poor Mr. Beane gives us so little information of any practical value; but meager as his diary is, it sheds light on one or two points. First, we gather that the party actually reached the summit; and next, that it was about half past two in the afternoon, and immediately after leaving it that the storm caught them. Now, how was it, we may fairly ask, that so little progress was made on the downward path!—for the ice-grotto of which Mr. Beane speaks was constructed at an altitude of fifteen thousand fest, or only seven hundred and eighty-one feet below the summit. How was it that the guides falled completely to find a way back over ground that they had traversed so recently! Mr. Beane does not tell us if any attempts were made on the 6th and 7th to find the way down—what little evidence we have tends to prove that there were none—he merely says: "We have lost our way." To sit down and wait where they were, as they appear to have done, showed a want of judgment which, without being better acquainted than we are with the facts of the case, seems quite inexplicable. Nothing is more common in the high Alps than to be overtaken by bad weather; but out of the Chamouni district there has not been an instance of a whole party perishing from this special cause. It is difficult to avoid the conclusion that the guides were not equal to the task, that they jost their heads at the very approach of danger, and gave themselves up for lost at the moment when they should have made the most determined effort to escape.

There was another circumstance, too, which was held at the time to reflect somewhat upon the conduct of the guides—not one of their bodies was found. The five bodies recovered were those of the heaviest members of the party, and there can be little doubt that they must have been left beding, while the rest made an effort to save themselves. Mr. Beane, however, makes no mention of any division of the exposure. W

A still later accident on Mont Blanc A still later accident on Mont Blanc took place on the south side. On the 30th of August, 1874, Mr. J. A. G. Marshall, with two Oberland guides, Johann Fischer and Ulrich Almer, left Courmayeur with a view to attempting the ascent of Mont Blanc by way of the Brouillard Glacier, an ascent which had not at that time been effected. They camped out upon the mountain at a height of about ten thousand feet, and the following day worked their way a considerable distance upwards till they found themselves finally stopped by an impassable wall of rock. This occurred some-

following day worked their way a considerable distance upwards till they found themselves finally stopped by an impassable wall of rock. This occurred somewhat late in the afternoon, too late, indeed, to attempt any other route, and accordingly they turned back. The descent was difficult and night overtook them before they reached the spot where they had bivouacked the previous evening. They were crossing the last bit of glacier, when Fischer inquired the time, and Mr. Marshall drew out his watch while the others came up to him with a light. As they stood thus close together the snow gave way beneath thom. Fischer fell first into a crevasse which at this point was some thirty feet deep and five feet in width; and Mr. Marshall was dragged on to him, while Almer alighted upon a hummock of snow but a few feet below the mouth of the crevasse. Mr. Marshall's head came in contact with the side of the crevasse, and in his case death must have been instantaneous; while Fischer's injuries were of such a character that he, too, could not have lived for any time after the fall. Almer excaped with a severe shaking, but was rendered insensible by the shock of the fall. Upon coming to himself he found that both his companions were beyond help; and as soon as there was sufficient light he struggled down to Courmayeur with the intelligence of the accident. The dead bodies were recovered the same evening and brought back the next day to Courmayeur.

Of all the accidents which have happened on Mont Blanc, this was, perhaps, the one most deserving the term. Mr. Marshall and his guides were first-rate mountaineers, and it was scarcely from any fault of their own that the catastrophe occurred. From a sketch of the spot taken by M. Loppe, the artist, a few days after the occurrence, the crevasse looks curiously narrow, and if the party had only been standing but a few paces to right or left, they would have been in perfect safety. Morsover, the scene of the catastrophe was not five minutes' walk from the moraine.

The following tabl

Accidents. Lives lost. Mont Blane
Matterhorn
Lyskamin
Monte Hoss
Monte Cevedale
Deat Blanche
Haut de Cri
Tittis
Jungfrau
Wetterhorn
Alguille Blanche
Single lives have be

Alguille Blanche... 1
Single lives have been lost upon each of the following mountains: Riffelhorn, Gross Venedeger, Schreckhorn, Pix Tschierrs. Diablerets, Blumlis Alp, Pix Bernins, Grandes Jorasses, Meije.

Of accidents which may fairly come under the bead of Alpine accidents, such as accidents upon glaciers and subsidiary peaks, there appear to have been thirty-five, making a total loss since 1859, when climbing became a recognized form of

ROUGH ON PLATO.

How Old Billson Rejected the Teachin of the Great Philosopher. It is well enough to say with the an clents that "we may shoot at the star and though we know that our arrow can not reach them, yet they go higher than if we aimed lower." What dif ference does that make? It makes no difference how high they go, they come down without having accomplished any thing. The aim that is low enough to kill a deer is better than a beat drawn on Venus. It may not be so grand in thought but it is more useful

n result. Old man Billson's son Dan is a close student. Billson, naturally and con-sequently excusably proud of his son, allowed the young man to remain in his room, deeply covered with the grand rubbish of ancient wisdom. During the busy season, when every hoe in the cotton patch was worth its weight in silver, Billson's neighbors would ask:

"Why don't you make Dan help you with your cotton?"
"He can't spare the time from his

"Studying is all well enough, but do you think that it would hurt him much to drop his books for a day or two and take up a hoe? The grass is gaining

on you."
The old man sighed. He was mak ing a great sacrifice but his son would, in after years, bless him for it. One day the old man reverentially entered the son's room.
"Sit down, father."

The old man sat down and, pointing to an open volume that lay on the young man's desk, asked: "What book is that?"

"Plato's philosophy."
"Studying it, I reckon?"
"Yes; haven't studied any thing else for some time." "Full of interestin' readin', I reckon." "As grand thought as was ever ex-

pressed "Ain't law, is it?"

"O, no."
"Medicine, I reckon?"

"No, it's philosophy."
"Yes, but what is philosophy?" "O-er-well, it's er-it's the-thsoul of a great man, shaped into "Ah, hah. What does this here fel-

ler Plato propose to l'arn you?'
'To be great, to look high.''
'Yes, but does he tell you what "O, er--yes, he-that is, he tells you to purify your soul."
"Ah, hah, but what does he tell you

to do with the body?" 'The body! Why, he scorns the body. "Ah, hah. Don't appear to have much use for it, ch?"

"He is higher than all things physi-"Don't say nothin' about fox tail and

wire grass, I reckon."
"Of course not." "Sorter silent on cotton, too, eckon. "Why, father, what can you mean?" "Wall, I'll tell you. Ain't got nothin

agin Pontoagin ronto—
"Plato," the student suggested.
"Yes, I ain't got nothin agin him,
you understand, and reckon he may be a putty clever fellow, but I tell you what's a fact. He ain't worth his salt when the cotton's in the grass; so, Dan jes grab that hoe bangin' in the tree

out thar an' scorn the grass an' l'arn the cotton to look up."

"Great goodness!" the affrighted young man exclaimed, "I can't stand it out there." "O, but you musn't pay no attention to the body. The sun won't hurt your

oul. Come on.' feedin' old Whut's-name long enough. Comin'?'

"I would, but-" "All right, grub stops, an' you'll have to pay rent for this roo The young man sighed, arose and followed his father. Two hours later a panting and perspiring Platonist, wielding a heavy hoe, was seen strik-ing at the fox-tail grass —Arkansaw

## IN THE FAR WEST.

Frontier Justice Who Believes in the Enforcement of Good Laws. A man with his face bandaged up, walking on crutches, limped into the office of a justice of the peace in Red Gulch, Arizona, last week, and exclaimed:

"Do you know Two-fingered Jimmy? "Yup," responded the justice. "Well, I want a warrant for his ar rest!" continued the lame man, exci-

"What fer?" demanded the justice. "Assault and battery with intent to kill,

"What did he do?" "He hit me on the side of the head and knocked me down." "Well, there ain't no law agin that,

explained the justice.

'He jumped on me three or four times when I was down, and broke two "Can't arrest him for that, young

feller. That's the custom of the town."

"He knocked three or four teeth
down my throat and stabbed me six
times with a dirk."

"Sorry for ye, young feller, but 'taint

worth while arrestin' him fer that."

"Then he stole my horse and—"

"Eh? What's that? Stole a hoss, did he? Why didn't ye say so before?"

And the justice jumped excitedly from his chair and began to buckle on a belt full of knives and pistols. "Say, Jim," he called to the sheriff, who was stauding near. "jest you sling a rope over a ing near, "jest you sling a rope over a tree an' I'll call up the Peace and Order Society, and we'll have him strang up inside o' thirty minutes. Stole a hoss, did he? Well, the law must be enforced."—Chicago Rambler.

"Mamma," said little Dolly Pretzel, "does your nose ever eat any thing." "Why, certainly not, Dolly." "Does your chin ever est any thing." "Do not ask such foolish questions,

Dolly." "Well, mamma, your mouth something, doesn't it?" "Yes, of course it does."

"Yes, of course it does."

"Then your mouth and eyes eat something, don't they, mamma?"

"You are asking very silly questions, Dolly. I eat with my mouth, but my eyes can not eat."

Little Dolly was very quiet for about an hour, but she again broke out with:

"Mamma, did you say that your eyes couldn't eat?"

"Yes, I said so."

"Can't your eye brows?"

Mamma went off into a dead faint - National Westig.

SCHOOL AND-CHURCH.

—A deacon of a Greenville (Pa) church has a string of buttons half a yard long, which has been taken out of collections.—Pailadelphia Press.

—The Wesleyan Methodist Conference, at its session in London, appointed a committee to consider the proposition to hold an ecumenical conference in the United States in 1891. ence in the United States in 1891.

-The sons of James S. Kirk, recent ly deceased, of Chicago, have determined to erect a memorial library building for Northwestern University at a cost of \$50,000 to \$70,000.—United

—The rolls of membership of Ply-mouth Church, Brooklyn, now put the membership at 2,537, of which number 858 are men and 1,679 women. The total membership since its organization has been 4,879.

-A fund of over three thousand —A fund of over three thousand dollars was raised at a recent meeting at Northfield Seminary, Mass., for an aid society which proposes to make loans to young women for the expenses of their education, the money to be repaid without interest.

—George L Seney's gift of \$100,000 to the Wosleyan University at Middletown, Conn., the payment of which, through the financial troubles of Mr. Seney had been delayed, has been made good, Mr. Seney having retrieved his misfortunes.—N. Y. Tribune.

-Notwithstanding the strict censor-ship of the press in Russia, all works having the name of Charles H. Spur-geon are permitted to pass unchal-lenged, with the exception of his sermon on "baptismal regeneration," which is prohibited. - Christian Union.

-A Baptist minister in this State married an Episcopalian woman who would dance. This scandalized the parish, necessitating the minister's saying on Sunday, in his pulpit: "This church is not my wife's keeper. She shall do as she pleases, and she shall not be accountable to you in any sense. You had better let her alone."—Boston

-The Supreme Court of New Hamp shire has rendered a decision denying the right of the Salvation Army to beat their drums in the streets of any city, town or village of the State. The de-fendants claimed that their drummings were in obedience to the dictates of their consciences as an act of religious worship. The court held that this was no defense; that no act of religious worship can be allowed to disturb the public peace or violate reasonable po-

—Three years ago the American Home Missionary Society inaugurated systematic work among the immigrant population. Since then the number of German Congregational churches has doubled. The German department of the society is now directing its ener-gies toward an endowment of the German school at Crete, Neb. Twenty-five thousand dollars is wanted. Young Germans are being induced to enter the school of the Theological Seminary. Chicago, to be trained for missionary work. - Christian at Work,

-Speaking of students, says the American Register, of Paris, the men-tion of the novel institution of student harbors, established for poor German students and pupils of the middle and high schools in the Saxon mountains. high schools in the Saxon mountains, is in place. There are at present four of these, where students on their summer excursions, provided with a proper certificate from their scholastic authorities, are gratuitously given a night's rest and a breakfast, both going and retur ing. A fifth harbor is to be established on the Senneckoppe next

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

-Do not size up a man's business apacity by seeing a pen over his ear.
-N. Y. Mail.

-"Pa," said Johnny to his father, who was a real estate agent, "why does the earth quake?" And his father replied: "On account of the size of ings.

-A subscriber wants to know how much a good fishing outlit costs. We never priced 'em, but we have been told that the balt alone costs from fifty cents to one dollar a quart, according to quality.—Christian at Work.

-An exchange thinks there is noth ing higher than the editorial profession That's what every crank remarks after he has toiled up two flights of stairs to inflict some of his nonsense on the editor.—Burlington Free Press.

-Overheard in a street car: "I tried to kiss my wife at the front door to hight as I was leaving home, and do you know she wouldn't let me. She said she didn't want the neighbors to be taking her for the hired girl!"— Buffalo Express.

-One can't be too careful with fire arms. A boy carried a pistol in his coat pocket, and one day last week while he was in swimming the pistol unexpectedly went off. He has no sus picions as to who took it .- Boston Budget.

—"My dear Miss A., this ring which I would ask you to accept of me is emblematic of my love for you—it has no end." "Thank you very much, Mr. B., it curiously resembles my love for you—it has no beginning."—Chicago Ledger.

-The Rule to Ob serve.-If you would a maiden woo,
Always keep this rule in view:
De not rush, or go too slow,
De not seare when she says no;
De not fret, for can't you guess,
When she says "no," she means "yes?"

—Little Gertrude, a fat, grave personage of two years and a half, had given her mother a hug of unusal fervor. Said the latter: "What makes you love mamma so much to-day, Gertrude?" "Well, mamma, I must make myself ag'eeable."—Harper's Bazar. - Feline Amenites: "Look, dear! There's your husband going to supper with Mrs. Scudamore—a dangerously attractive woman. Let me warn you!" "How good of you! How I wish he was going in to supper with you dear." going in to supper with you, dear, in-stead!"-Punch.

going in to supper with you, dear, instand!"—Funch.

—A child, while walking through an art gallery with her mother, was attracted by a statue of Minerva. "Who is that?" said she. "My child, that is Minerva, the goddess of wisdom." "Why didn't they make her husband, too?" "Because she had none, my child." "That was because she was wise, wasn't it mamma?" was the artless reply.—N. Y. Ledger.

—Before Marriage: She—"Excuse, me, George; did my parasol hurt you?" He—"O, no, my dear! It would be pleasure if it did." After marriage He—"Great heavens! There was never a woman under the sun that knew how to carry a parasol without scratching fellow's eyes out." She—"And there never was a man that knew enough to walk on the right side of a woman with a parasol." He—"There isn't any right side to a woman with a parasol."—Izolange.

FOR OUR YOUNG FOLKS. GRANDMA SAYS.

Those were wonderful days of long age, Brandmother says, and she must know. There was quilting to do the whole year round. round—
The length and the breadth of those quilts stound;
Then summers were nicer far than these, Appies were larger, so were trees—
Grandma eays.

The manners of folks were more polite; Winters less cold, and flowers more bright, And churning and chores went on all day—Nobody could have stopped to play; Now. where were the little children then? For girls were all women, boys all men—Grandma says.

Do you think they had then discovered Or ever had games and other joys? And as for a shout or a romp, I'm sure That would not have suited folks demur They never had any time for fun; Every one knitted, darned or spun—Grandma says.

Now it puzzled me once all this to hear. Till one day I brought to grandma dear A doil that I'd found, so queer and old, its body its limbs could scarcely hold. She took it up tendetly, and smiled—"It's Betsy Jerusha Perkins, child!"

Grandma said.

Then she amouthed down its ragged frock and told
of play-times in those good days of old;
A far-away look came in her eyes,
That beamed with the mildness of twilight

But why did she weep if she was glad?
"The prettiest doll I ever had!"
Grandma says.
—George Choper, in Golden Days.

A MUD MOUSE. A Little, M dest, Beautiful Animal Whiel Creeps Quietly About at the Bottom of the Sea-How the Pretty Miss Breather

and Walks. A mouse, my children! A mouse with no particular head, and no particular feet, and no particular tail. A mouse that does not know the taste of

cheese, and that never saw a mousetrap; a mouse that can not squeak, and that actually lays eggs! How the little brown fellow, whom you hear scamper-ing and squeaking in the wall, would open his bright black eyes if he were to hear of such a mouse as this.

"That creature a mouse?" he would

say. "Where is its long, beautiful tail?
Where is its sharp nose, and its pretty
white teeth, and its four trim little feet,
with their dainty claws? Pooh! I don't

believe it's a mouse at all!'

Between you and me, my dears, the
little brown fellow is right, and this strange creature is not really a mouse; but that is what it is called—the sea-

mouse.

Brownie might well be proud, however, if he could claim it as his cousin, for she is one of the most beautiful creatures in the world. Her long, oval body is covered with a thick coat of heir and every single heir in this of hair, and every single hair in this coat is a tiny bit of living rainbow, coat is a tiny bit of living rainbow, flashing back the light in a thousand many-colored rays. Rubics, emeralds, sapphires, topazes, diamonds, ame-thysts, opals—take a handful of each, mix them all together, and toss them up in the sunlight at noon when the sun is brightest — then you may have some idea of the sparkling beauty of this little sea-mous., which creeps so quietly about in the mud at the bottom of the sea.

By the way, she has another name besides sea-mouse, and a much prettier one--Aphrodite. Let us call her that in the future.

Now, is Aphrodite proud of her

beauty? We should be, I am sure, in her place. We should spend all our time in the brightest sunshine we could find, on top of the biggest rock, and we should sparkle and sparkle until the sun himself would be jealous. But Aphrodite is not proud: on the con-trary, she is the shyest little creature in the world. Instead of sunning herself, and enjoying the sensation she creates, her one desire is to keep out of the way. Burrowing into the mud, hiding under stones or in empty shells, wrapping herself up in a sea-weed mantle, she seems to be con-

so hard to attract your attention. Go and look at him, like good people! He is fifty times as big as I am, and he likes to be stared at, and can stare

back again."

Humph! I don't want to look at the octopus now, do you? Ugly thing! We will see him some day, however. But now I really must stir up Miss Aphrodite, and let you see how she walks.

You see those bunches of bristles on each side of her flat body? Well, she walks—if you can call it walking—with those. She does not get about very fast; but there is no need of that, for she has plenty of time, and is never in a hurry. Another queer thing about her is the way in which she breathes. You see she lives in the mud a great deal, and yet she does not want to breathe mud; so, under her beautiful rainbow cloak of hair, she has another rainbow cloak of hair, she has another coat of something that looks like felt. This felt coat catches and holds the mud, and does not let any of it pass through; so that the scale-like gills underneath, through which she breathes, get nothing but clear, good water. I am very sorry to be obliged to say that Aphrodite is extremely creedy, but it is the melancholy truth. There is no end to her appetite; and I am afraid that if she were very hungry she would not she were very hungry she would not hesitate to eat her own grandmother. Isn't that shocking?-Laura E. Rich ards, in Our Little Ones.

FRIGHTENED HIMSELF.

The Story of a Thoughtless Boy Who Afterwards Became a Great Painter.

The Story of a Thoughtless Boy Who Afterwards Became a Great Painter.

Afternoon was wearing toward evening in the west of England, and darkness was already beginning to creep over the shadowy chambers and long narrow passages of an old English country house, although it was still broad daylight outside. Darkest of all was a deep recess in the wall at the end of the great corridor in the third story, where a boy seemed to be hard at work upon something that appeared to require all his attention.

Had there been light enough to see his face, any one who saw it would have been struck by the fineness of its outline, and the thoughtful depth of expression in the large bright eyes which attracted the notice of all who saw him for the first time, although no one could easily have guessed then what he was one day to be. But just at that moment "Wild Davie," as he was very justly called, was busy with a very mischievous piece of sport, indeed—nothing less than the dressing up of a "ghost" to frighten his playfellows. In the dark recess at the end of the corridor stood a marble statue of Apollo the Archer, with one arm outstrucked as if in the very set of bending his fatal bow.

Outlined in its ghostly white-sees against the deep gloom behind it, it was against the deep gloom behind it, it was a startling sight at the best of times: but beneath the skillful hands of our hero it was fast growing into a monster that might have scared General Grant

himself.

Leaving the long white neck standing out bare and spectral against the darkness, he folded a black cloak around the body, letting the cold, dead whiteness of the marble peep out every here and there. Upon the face he fixed a hideous red and black mask with staring eyes, while over the extended arm he hung a white cloth with a crimson handkerchief pinned to it, which at a little distance looked terribly like a broad stain of blood. Around the lower limbs he wrapped a piece of yellow Chinese silk, twisted up so as to look like a coiling snake; and then, by way of a finishing touch, he placed at the monster's feet, a small lantern, lighting up all the ghastly de-

placed at the monster's feet, a small lantern, lighting up all the ghastly details with a weird, unearthly glare.

"Won't it make 'em jump!" chuckled he, as he stepped back to took at the effect of his work.

If any one had told Davie at that moment that he was playing a very cruel and cowardly trick, which had frightened many children to death and scared many more into hopeless idiots, he would have been greatly surprised and shocked; for, with all his thoughtlessness, he was thoroughly kindne would have been greatly surprised and shocked; for, with all his thought-lessness, he was thoroughly kindhearted. But all that he thought of was the fun that it would be to himself, little dreaming that he was just about to receive a lesson which would cure him of playing such tricks for the rest of hir life.

Just then a loud voice was heard calling out from the foot of the state.

Just then a loud voice was heard calling out from the foot of the stair:
"Davie! Davie! where are you?
Come along, quick; we're going to drive round by the lake, and watch the sun set over the mountains."
And "Wild Davie" went off like a

And "Wild Davie" went off like a shot.

The drive lasted so long, and there were so many things to be looked at on the way, that by the time they got home again our friend Davie had forgotten all about the frightful sentinel that he had left standing at the end of the upper corridor, and went racing along it at full speed to get to his room. The next moment a howl of terror startled the whole house, and three or four of the servants, hurrying to the spot in alarm, found Davie lying on the floor, half fainting with fright, in front of the monster which he had himself dressed up. All that followed may easily be imagined—the rush of the whole household to see what had happened, the wonder, the dismay, the scoldings heaped upon poor Davie, and (hardest of all for him to bear) the loud laugh of the other boys as they realized how neatly he had been caught in his own neatly he had been caught in his own

But there was one person there who But there was one person there who did not join in the laughter, and that was a quiet old gentleman with a long gray beard—at that time one of the most celebrated artists in Britain—who

most celebrated artists in Britain—who had just come down to the country for a few weeks' holiday.

"This boy has the eye of an artist," said he, looking keenly at the terrible figure. "He will be heard of yet."

And the old man was right. Nos many years later "Wild Davie" was famous throughout all England as David Scott, the painter.—Zaris Ser, in Harper's Young People.

THE TURKISH INFANT. The Importance of the Nurse as a Member

of the Family. Among the Christians in the East, the nurse is not so important as with the Mohammedans. With the latter she is sacred. She ranks after the mother. She is like the African "aunty" of the South. If the nurse have children of her own they are styled the "milk brothers and sisters" of her adopted nursling. Even at the palace of the Sultan, the nurse who nourishes a Prince or Princess has golden opporwest market, steens to be stantly saying:

"Oh! don't, I beg of you, take the trouble to look at me! I am only four inches long, and I haven't any head the course has golden opportunities of advancement. She secures her own and her children's welfare for worth mentioning. You really embarrass me by staring; and there are so many creatures all around here that are really worth looking at. See that great octopus over there, who is trying so hard to attract your attention. Go and look at him, like good people! He is fifty times as big as I am, and he likes to be stared at, and can stare tunities of advancement. She sectices here own and her children's welfare for life. She is loaded with presents. These presents differ in value, according to the means of the master, and are given on every possible occasion. When the child says, "Baba!" or "Father;" when it has its first tooth; when its birthday comes round and when it makes its first step—the nurse has presents. It is the same at Bairam. has presents. It is the same at Bairam, the festal Mohammedan season; and thus upon every slight occasion, presents rain down from father, mother, grand-

parents, uncles and aunts.

If the parents are wealthy, the nurse's duty is limited. It consists simply in feeding the baby, for an odalisque—one of the women of the harem—performs the duty of caring for the child.

In addition, to these two state of In addition to these two aids of Turkish babyhood, in every well-regu-lated home, a servant or two have charge of the washing and cleaning of

parents, uncles and aunts.

the nursery and linen.
As soon as the child is old enough to be able to take ordinary nourishment, it is taken from the nurse and put into the hands of the oldest male servant. If the child be a boy, this servant is to be the tutor until the boy is sent to school. The boy remains in his hands for about five years. It is mostly here that he obtains his first moral impressions.—S. S. Cox, in Wide Awake.

Not a High Charge Either.

When Boston was Fanny Kemble's home, and her summers were spent here and there in rural Massachusetts, she engaged a worthy neighbor to be her charioteer during the season of one of her country sojournings. With kind-hearted loquacity he was beginning to expatiate on the country, the crops and the history of the people around about, when Fanny remarked, in her imperious, dogmatic fashion:

"Sir, I have engaged you to drive for me, not to talk to me."

The farmer ceased, pursed up his lips and ever after kept his peace. When the vacation weeks were over, and the dame was about to return to town, she sent for her Jehu and his bill. Running her eyes down its awkward columns she paused.

"What is this item, sir?" said she. ome, and her summers were spent

"What is this item, sir?" said she.
"I can not understand it."
And with equal gravity he rejoined:
"Sass, five dollars. I don't often take
it, but when I do I charge."—Boston

—A wagon containing George Dokter and his little brother Charles, while crossing the railroad track at Rochester, Pa., was struck between the wheels and demolished by a locomotive. George Dokter, who was driving, was knocked twenty feet to one aide of the track, and was severely bruised, while his brother was sent up in the air but fell back upon the pilot, where he managed to hold on until the train was stopped, when he was taken off, none the worse for his remarkable experience. Both borses were killed.

—Pittsburgh Post.